

After the holidays. "Whadda yer thinks that?" asked one girl of another at the wrapping counter of a department store when she received instructions that Mrs. Stout wished her purchase to be sent home, and the purchase consisted of one handkerchief. "Wouldn't that call for a mind cure?" continued the girl disgustedly. "I know that Mrs. Stout, an' durin' the holidays she would tug home any old kind of a parcel, big as a barrel—both hands full an' havin' t' get her street car fare out of her purse with her teeth; an' now she won't carry even a handkerchief. Queer what some women'll do at holiday time and what they won't do when they come to, mebbe the very next week."

Nerve. "What do you suppose I want with such a house as that?" said the man who had gone down on Long Island to look at some "bargains." "What's the matter with it?" asked the real estate dealer. "Why, the cellar's got three feet of water in it!" "I thought you might want to start a swimming school!"

Get Even with Deadheads. In Russia photographers are in the habit of paying out any customer who refuses to pay up by hanging his portrait upside down in a conspicuous portion of their shop.

Wood's Early Ohio Seed Potatoes are being planted in increasing quantities each year by the largest and most successful market-growers. This variety makes uniformly large-sized potatoes, of excellent shipping, market and table qualities, and is proving to be one of the most profitable and reliable of early-cropping potatoes.

We are headquarters for the best Maine-grown Seed Potatoes. Wood's 30th Annual Seed Book gives full descriptions and information, with the highest testimonials from successful growers as to the superiority of Wood's Seed Potatoes. Write for prices and Wood's Seed Book, which will be mailed free on request.

T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, - Richmond, Va.

TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTOR.

Circuit Court. Fulton County, Judge, S. M. Graham, Clerk. Term of court—3rd Monday in February, and 4th Monday in May, August and November.

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Meetings of the Board of Supervisors for Tazewell county are as follows: Regular meetings first Monday in January and fourth Monday in July. Call meetings the second Tuesday in each month except January and July.

S. M. Graham, Clerk.

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CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Bible School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 8 p. m.; second and fourth Sunday 11 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. G. S. McCreary, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH, Main Street. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m.; second and fourth Sundays 8 p. m.; fifth Sunday 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. E. E. Wiley, pastor.

NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m.; second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Meeting every Friday 7 p. m. E. E. Wiley, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Preaching fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN BURKE'S GARDEN.—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

TAZEWELL PREACHERS COUNCIL Every Monday at 2 p. m.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR. Meets 3rd Monday in each month. C. R. BROWN, E. O. JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Recorder.

O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26. Meets second Monday in each month. J. P. ROYALL, H. P. JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Secretary.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M. Meets the 1st Monday in each month.

R. O. CROCKETT, W. M. JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

TIPTOP LODGE, NO. 259, I. O. O. F. Tiptop, Virginia. Meets first and third Saturdays in each month.

FRANK PRYOR, N. G. J. G. GILLMAN, Sec'y.

## Miss Kittie's Mistake

By CLUDINE SISSON

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

Though the veranda was small, it had an air of space, because it was so conveniently arranged. Louise and her mother used their veranda a great deal, because they were both delicate women and believed in fresh air. What they really wanted to do was to spend their summers at the seashore or in the mountains, but that, of course, was impossible. They were poor as well as frail, but with an amazing courage and buoyancy of spirits and a quiet determination to make the best of things. So, since they lived in town in rather close quarters during the hot weather, they had fitted up their veranda, for a few dollars, and upon it camped out in spirit, assured they had the best air that the location afforded.

All the time they worked indefatigably. Louise embroidered and her mother made lace. There was an increasing demand for their work and, fortunately, they both had excellent nerves and eyesight. They earned enough to keep them in comfort and also to lay aside a bit for that inevitable rainy day of which they had already had some experience.

During the day they did their most difficult work. The easier work was done at night in the light of candles. They used candles because they were cheap and because, to them, they had an old-fashioned aversion for modern ways of veranda lighting. They made an unusual and strikingly serene and graceful picture on a dark night, sitting behind the vines working while the candles made a delicate radiance round them. They were both small women and much alike, even though one was young and the other elderly. Their faces were of that delicate plainness which is far more attractive than mere coarse prettiness. Their real beauty was their eyes—blue eyes, perfectly lidded and lashed. Yet many looked at them, wondering what made their faces so pleasant, without once thinking about their eyes, which were as unobtrusively charming as their voices and manners.

They had lived in Westmore about four years, yet they had so little to say about themselves that people knew very little concerning them. They kept their heart affairs, if they had any, to themselves, and apparently lived lives of the utmost placidity and simplicity. Kitty West said that a visit to them acted upon excited nerves with the soothing effect of a mild narcotic—one went away calmed and cooled and agreeably drowsy.

Louise regarded Kitty West as her dearest friend. Kitty was a gay girl, very pretty and popular. Her acquaintance with Louise and her mother had begun over an order for some embroidery. Since then Louise and her mother had constantly been doing things for Kitty at reduced prices, for Kitty had wheedling ways and always planned to make her allowance go as far as it could. She made love to Louise and in return innocent, grateful Louise did for her her finest work. And no one knew that Kitty did not pay her as much as she could. Kitty saved her conscience by thinking that if Louise was satisfied with the bargains they made there should be no cause for discomfiture on her part.

At present Louise was embroidering a robe for Kitty, while her mother made some delicate lace for it. Louise had been at work upon it for a long time, and now Kitty was hurrying her to get it done, as she wanted it to wear upon a certain occasion—the Ardens' party, in fact, which was certain to be a great affair, since news of it had gone forth so far ahead. Kitty felt exultantly that her dress would be the finest thing there—finer even than anything Mrs. Holt would wear, and costing so little, too.

One evening she took George Van Tross with her when she went to see how Louise was getting on with her work. George Van Tross was the man Kitty meant to marry. He was an attractive bachelor, with large means, and of late he had been paying her some attention, which was distinctly encouraging, since he gave very little time to women's society.

That particular evening it chanced that Louise was alone upon the veranda, working by the light of her candles. Her mother had gone to bed with a headache. It was a warm night and she had on a little black gown, cut square at the neck and with short sleeves. Her fair hair was coiled loosely at the nape of her neck in a girlish way. A yellow aura flared round her from the candles. She looked like an industrious little saint. George Van Tross sat on the steps and watched her curiously, while he waited for Kitty. He had never observed Louise before, though he had known about her. She was distinctly out of his sphere. Her blue eyes, her little vanishing smile, her low voice were opposed to Kitty's opulent style of young beauty. As they went away he said to Kitty:

"You have an interesting little friend there."

Kitty laughed. "Why, she isn't a friend exactly in the sense you mean. But I like her. And then she is singularly gifted with the needle. I pay her a good deal of money."

"I dare say. But that intricate needlework must be very hard on the eyes." And then it struck him that Louise's eyes were the most wonderful he had ever seen. In the days that followed he did not forget them.

The night of the Ardens' party he escorted Kitty, who wore the wonderful embroidered robe. Considerately, Kitty led him round by way of the veranda that Louise might have a glimpse of her in all the glory of that amazing piece of handiwork. They found Louise and her mother both at work. Again Louise wore the little black dress and though Kitty's stature dwarfed her and Kitty's radiance distinguished her, George Van Tross noticed that her own expression was charming and that her arms and neck were whiter than Kitty's own.

## Scott's Emulsion

is the original—has been the standard for thirty-five years.

There are thousands of so-called "just as good" Emulsions, but they are not—they are simply imitations which are never as good as the original. They are like thin milk—SCOTT'S is thick like a heavy cream.

If you want it thin, do it yourself—with water—but don't buy it thin.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send the name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Scott's Emulsion and Scott's Emulsion Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny. SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York

"I'm so glad you are pleased," Louise said, and she kept her blue eyes for a long time on Kitty's dazzling face in a look that was at once gratified and wistful. If Kitty had not been too much absorbed in herself she would have seen that George Van Tross's eyes were not for her but for the girl who had helped make her beautiful. Kitty was very gracious. She first let Louise smell the fragrance of her roses, then pulled one from the long-stemmed sheaf for her. They were George Van Tross's roses. Then and there he resolved that the little Louise should have some roses of her own.

One damp evening he took them to her. Her delight and astonishment at receiving them and seeing him pleased him as he had never before been pleased by any woman. He sat down and talked with her and her mother. And then, since he must frame some excuse for his visit, he asked her to make a luncheon set for his sister. She was to do the best work she was capable of and her mother was to make the lace for the inserts and edging. He left the design to her. Louise gleefully told Kitty next day.

"He wants to be kind," Kitty said, amiably. "He is interested in you on my account. I have told him a lot about you. How is my own luncheon set coming on? I must have it for the 23d, you know."

"I shall be ready," Louise promised.

George Van Tross seemed very anxious that the luncheon set he had ordered should be perfectly satisfactory, and he came a good many times to see about it. Always he brought flowers or bonbons, and always he lingered to chat with Louise and her mother. Once he asked her as he watched her busily at work for she sometimes went on embroidering in his presence: "Do you like to do that?"

She only smiled.

"You will ruin your eyes." Somehow he was always thinking about her eyes.

"No, really, my eyes are very strong."

Next day Kitty showed him her luncheon set and told him that she was to initiate it on the 23d—"All girls. No men allowed," she ended, gayly.

"That shuts me out. But I suppose your little friend of the needle will be there."

"Louise? Why, I wouldn't ask her. No one cares to know her. She is well enough in her place, but her place isn't at my luncheon table." She laughed again, but with irritation this time. What business had George Van Tross to be mentioning such a person as Louise to her?

The next time she went to see Louise she found pink roses on the sewing table. George Van Tross has discovered that Louise loved pink roses.

"So you have an admirer," Kitty quizzed.

"Oh, no. Mr. Van Tross sent those. I am doing some work for his sister, you know."

"Oh!" But Kitty bit her lip. She felt a strong desire to stab unconscious Louise with one of her own slender embroidery needles. It was a long time before she went to see Louise again. But George Van Tross kept on coming even after the luncheon set was finished and delivered.

One evening he found Louise alone. She said her mother was "setting bread" for to-morrow's baking. This time George had brought, not flowers or bonbons, but a book for Louise.

LADY WANTED

To introduce our very complete Spring line of beautiful wool suitings, wash fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, etc., hdkfs, laces and petticoats. All up to date N. Y. City Patterns. Finest line on the market. Dealing direct with the mills you will find our prices low. Profits, \$10.00 to \$30.00 weekly. Samples and full instructions packed in a neat sample case, shipped express prepaid. No money required. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.

Standard Dress Goods Co., Dept. F 1, Binghamton, N. Y.

## Electric Bitters

Succeed when everything else fails. In nervous prostration and female weaknesses they are the supreme remedy, as thousands have testified. FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND STOMACH TROUBLE it is the best medicine ever sold over a druggist's counter.

an exquisitely bound volume of his favorite poems. He opened it at random and began to read some love lyric which he had always meant one day to read to the woman who should be all the world to him. He was not quite sure of Louise. But, suddenly glancing up, he saw that she had ceased working and was watching him with wide eyes that told the whole story of her heart. The book fell as he caught her hand.

"Louise!" he said. Then the screen door flapped behind them and Louise's mother came out. She started back amazed at what she saw. George Van Tross, still holding Louise's hands, turned to her. "I want your daughter. She is willing. May I have her?"

Three months later Kitty went to call upon the new Mrs. George Van Tross, who had returned from her honeymoon and was living with her husband and mother in the old Van Tross mansion.

"It seems so odd to see you without a piece of embroidery in your hands," she said. "You must feel lost without it. Aren't you going to do any more?"

She did not mean that Louise, though elevated thus suddenly to the highest plane of society should forget her origin.

George answered his wife. "No, she isn't going to do any more," he said. "She is done with it forever. I have thrown away all her needles and hidden all her scissors."

"But that seems cruel, since she was so fond of embroidering," Kitty said.

Louise smiled into her husband's eyes and for the first time told the truth about herself. "But I wasn't fond of it. I only did it because I had to. I loathe it," she said.

Remarkable Railway.

Charles H. Warner, the sugar refiner of New York, and Colin H. Livingston of Washington are part owners of a street railway system which in one respect has no rival. In fact, Benjamin F. Dudley, a coal operator, who owns Black Mountains, Va., which, aside from its mining possibilities, has achieved fame by being selected by John Fox, Jr., as the scene of two of his novels, asserts that the railway is the most remarkable in the world. Bristol, Tenn., is where the road is situated, and some people on there call it the Matrimonial Belt line. For a mile and a quarter the track straddles the Virginia state line, so that a man may be riding in two states at once.

Parson Burroughs, a clergyman owns a hotel and meets every car, and the neighbors say that if two strangers of opposite sex arrive together the parson asks them if they wish to get married. Frequently they do; so the parson gets in with them and conducts them to his hotel, though not infrequently the ceremony takes place in the open, the bride standing in one state and the bridegroom in both, while the officiating clergyman straddles the line. Parson Burroughs admits having joined more than 3,000 couples in wedlock. One may drink on the Virginia side of the line, but not in Tennessee, and it often happens that one side of a street car is parching with thirst while the other is very wet.

Jack Tars in Church.

An experienced clergyman would have divined at once the cause of his congregation's wandering attention. The young assistant, being less familiar with the moods of churchgoers, noticed it, wondered at it and was unhappy. After the service he inquired of an usher what was wrong.

"Oh, it wasn't your fault," the usher assured him. "It was those three sailors that upset them. Next to a policeman the person who can create the biggest sensation in church is a sailor in uniform. Not often do the men from visiting warships venture into an up-town church. When they do the most fiery preacher in town loses his hold on his audience. In that mysterious way which news travels even in church, their presence becomes known, and throughout the service the clergyman and the choir have to share honors with the sailors."—New York Press.

Missionaries, Babies, Babel.

Many interesting features were advertised in connection with a convention of foreign missionaries home on a vacation. "But the most interesting of all was a sidelight on the regular convention," said a woman who attended the meetings.

"The married members of that missionary band brought their small children to the hall and left them in the rear room in charge of a kindergarten teacher. Those youngsters had been born in heathen lands and had spent the three or four years of their little lives there. They had picked up the language of the natives, and when their shyness wore off and their tongues limbered up a miniature babel seemed to have sprung up in that rear room. Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands and a score of uncivilized places in between were represented with a vengeance. The little people had been accustomed to the aboriginal languages and they spoke them in preference to English. Gradually it dawned upon them, however, that they possessed a common tongue and finally all warmed up to English, but previous to that their attempts at conversation were a queer study in primitive languages."

A Tale of Two Missionaries.

Two city mission workers passing through the foreign settlement in the McKees Rocks district met a reporter and a newspaper photographer. Near by was a house, the sign of which was striking. It was determined to take a picture of the place. The mistress of the house was standing in the doorway, and when she saw the photographer set his camera she ran in, slamming the door after her. The elder missionary, who speaks a dozen different languages and dialects, volunteered to coax the woman to stand for a photograph.

When he rapped on the door she came out and he started to address her. He began in Polish, but she shook her head. He then tried in succession Magyar, Luthuanian, Russian, Bohemian, Hebrew, Greek, French, German and others, but it was of no use; the woman kept shaking her head that she did not understand.

"It is no use," he said to the three standing at the gate. "I have exhausted all my languages, but she does not understand any of them."

"I'll try her," said the other missionary, and he went to the woman. In a moment she was laughing, and nodding her head that it was all right.

When the picture had been taken the missionary who had failed, asked him in what language he had spoken to her.

"English," was the reply.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

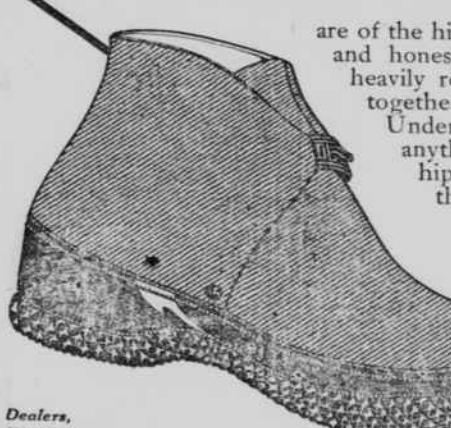
Surplus Women.

According to the estimate of the census statisticians, the surplus women for whom the delegates to the national conference of woman workers at Southsea, England, tried to plan a happy future numbered 1,244,558 at the middle of the present year.

## A Sure Cure for Cold Feet

Leather Shoes are no protection from cold or wet. If you'd walk or work in comfort on disagreeable days, wear arctics. If you'd economize, get the very best arctics that your money will buy. In the long run, one pair of the best will outwear and look better and cost less than two pair of inferior kinds.

MALDEN RUBBER SHOE CO. BOSTON, U. S. A.



Dealers, Write for Price List

## Malden Melrose Rubbers—Arctics—Boots

(Brands)

are of the highest grade. Nothing but pure gum and honest cloth fabrics are used. These are heavily reinforced and everlastingly cemented together over true shape, shoe form lasts. Under these brands you are safe in buying anything from infants' overshoes to men's hip boots, all styles, all sizes. Look for the trade-mark before you buy.

If your dealer does not handle these brands write us and we will see that you are supplied.

**CRADDOCK-TERRY CO.**  
Lynchburg, Va.

Largest Manufacturers and Distributors of Shoes in the South

## SPOILED THE MORAL

ACT MADE FLAW IN MR. PETERSON'S LITTLE SERMON.

Observant Reader Will Be Inclined to Come to the Conclusion That He Aided and Abetted Bad Boy.

Mr. Peterson did not mind being called a moralist. In fact, he was rather proud of the habit, which he sedulously cultivated, of discoursing in a high, ethical tone about whatever came to his notice. Mrs. Peterson, a silent, hard-working woman, listened to her lord's remarks faithfully, applauding and commenting at what she thought were appropriate spots.

One day Mr. Peterson returned from the village but with righteous indignation and overexertion.

"These people!" he said, fanning himself rapidly with a palm leaf. "These people and their children! I am almost glad we haven't any children, Maria, for if we had, I'm sure we should train them up to be just as thoughtless and ill-mannered as the rest of the world."

"What—" began Mrs. Peterson, in her soft voice.

"Beggings!" answered her husband. "Plain, every-day begging! And John Lincoln's son, too! The little rascal! I don't think he's six yet."

"He was five last May," replied Mrs. Peterson, with a readiness which showed that although she herself had no children, her interest in her friends' offspring was keen.

"Anyway," maintained Mr. Peterson, "he's old enough to know better." This was somewhat illogical, seeing that only a moment before a virtue had been made of the lad's youth. However, Mr. Peterson was a moralist.

"He's old enough to know better," said Mr. Peterson, "and he doesn't do better. This morning, for example,"—he paused to emphasize again the fact that it was to-day, as if the date made an important difference—"this morning I was passing by John Lincoln's house on Vernon street, and there, in the front yard, was his son John, junior, playing with the puppy. No sooner did the boy see me than he said, 'Please, Mr. Peterson, give me a cent.'"

"I am surprised that Sarah Lincoln's boy—" began Mrs. Peterson.

"I am not surprised at anything in this world," announced Mr. Peterson, "after the things I've seen and heard in my life. I am disappointed. So I said to him, 'What do you want with a cent, John?' And to this he replied, 'Buy something.' If any boy of mine—had I a boy—were seen on the public streets—"

"What did you say to him then?" asked Mrs. Peterson, becoming a little impatient to get to the point of the story, as she had cakes in the oven.

"Why," said Mr. Peterson, "I happened to have an extra cent in my pocket, and so I lectured him for several minutes on the crime of begging and—"

"Then you gave him the cent?" said Mrs. Peterson, with an odd smile on her lips.

Her husband nodded. "I thought I might as well."—Youth's Companion.

Lot of Mexican Laborers.

The living conditions of the workers in the larger mines of Mexico are extremely humble. The average man and his family live in a one-room shack, mud house, stone hut or dug-out along some bank. Their food consists of dried meat, fried flour cakes, beans and rank coffee. Stoves are found only in the better homes, the laborer's meals being cooked over a little fire between stones. At meal times the family gather around the fire and they sleep on blankets on the floor.